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H Y M E N,

A P O E M.

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H Y M E N,

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9

A P O E M.

Quin potius pacem æternam pactosque Hymenæos

Exercemus?

VIRG. Æn.

L O N D O N:

SOLD BY T. WILLS, No. 2, STATIONERS-COURT; AND T. KNOTT, No. 47,
LOMBARD-STREET.

M,DCC,XCIV.

H Y M E N

A P O L O



H Y M E N.

At Hymen's shrine the Muse her off ring brings;

The bliss serene of virtuous Love she sings.

CURST be the strains which with delusive art

Steal on like deadly poison to the heart;

With wanton scenes the youthful fancy fire,

And fan each latent spark of base desire.

While

Not

Not so the moral Bard, whose tuneful song
 The chastest thoughts in polish'd lines prolong:
 'Tis his to sweetly charm the yielding soul;
 'Tis his each wayward passion to controul.

Be mine the task to lead the youthful mind
 The path of nuptial happiness to find:
 Shew why so few that happiness attain
 Which crowds with hasty steps attempt to gain.
 Far hence the vicious man, whose tainted breast
 Glows at the thought impure, or obscene jest.
 Here wedded love his purple wings displays,
 And scenes of social bliss improve my lays.

Pursuing fancied joys, the lawless Rake,
 Large draughts from pleasure's gilded cup may take;

While

While spicy wines his headstrong passions move,
 May range the regions of licentious Love;
 May rush impetuous on with fatal speed,
 Till sickness, pain and dire remorse succeed;
 But grant me, bounteous heav'n, full oft to know
 Those calm, domestic joys, which sweetly flow
 From that blest state, where kindred souls unite
 To give thro' life the most refin'd delight.
 Discord without thee soon would rear her head,
 And common ruin round the world be spread.

All pant for bliss; but ah! how oft forgot,
 An intercourse of souls must form the knot.
 Here lies of discontent, the baneful root,
 From whence unnumber'd wretched passions shoot.

The God of Love offended, turns his face,
 And vengeful furies quick supply his place---
 Pale jealousy, with serpents round her heart,
 Disgust, and hatred with his poison'd dart,

Fondly expecting more than heav'n design'd,
 Becomes a source of sorrow to the mind.
 While happy courtship's golden scenes prevail,
 And the warm lover breathes his ardent tale;
 While solemn vows are made of mutual truth,
 In all the heat of unsuspecting youth,
 No imperfection meets the lover's eyes,
 Errors like fainter virtues seem to rise.
 Thus the young fancy paints the wedded scene,
 All fair and gay, without a cloud between.

Warm

Warm are the tints which from her pencil flow,
 And all around the blooming prospects glow;
 Unceasing sunshine gilds the laughing plain,
 The nymphs rejoicing, jocund ev'ry swain.
 Charm'd with these flatt'ring pictures of the mind,
 We fly, this lovely, unknown land to find:
 But ah! our hopes, too sanguine, far exceed
 The bliss that heav'n for mortals has decreed.
 These are but dreams of fancy's idle birth,
 A perfect state is not our lot on earth;
 And when bright reason reassumes her seat
 These airy visions of the mind retreat.
 Howe'er the bitter draught may pain the heart,
 Of sorrow's cup we each must share our part:
 But marriage heav'n in pity hath design'd
 To sooth the various troubles of the mind;

To

To make our tide of joy more sweetly flow,

And mingle honey with our cup of woe.

Happy the Pair whose souls congenial meet,

Where no discordant passions hold their seat;

Pleasures unknown before, they fully prove,

'Tis friendship ripen'd by the sun of love!

If lasting happiness we hope to find,

A sov'reign wish to please must rule the mind.

This godlike temper form'd on sterling sense

Will make us cautious of the least offence;

Or if some trivial error we should see,

(For where's the soul from imperfection free,)

No rash construction, or unkind surmise

Within the gen'rous bosom will arise.

Blest

Blest with that charity which springs from heaven
 We pardon, as we hope to be forgiven,
 The man of tender feelings ne'er can rest
 'Till meek-ey'd peace again revive the breast.

Ye fair, the God of Nature has design'd
 Your charms to please, and hold the yielding mind;
 Ye have the secret magic to controul
 With gentle sway, the passions of the soul;
 From your bright eye one melting look of love
 Can touch the heart, the dull affections move:
 But, if instead of each soft, winning grace,
 The easy motion, and the smiling face,
 We see the cruel glance of cold disdain,
 Or hear the jealous hint, or taunting strain;

Reclaim

If

If ev'ry trifle sows the seeds of strife,
 And discontentment marks the path of life;
 Gone all the lovely softness of the sex,
 While stormy passions the fair bosom vex:
 The man unhappy, like the Trav'ler flies,
 Who dreads the tumult of the vengeful skies,
 Hears the hoarse thunder ratt'ling o'er his head,
 And seeks a shelter from the nearest shed.
 Fatal mistake! 'tis kindness is the art,
 To keep the firm possession of the heart.
 The more we love, the more we ever find
 Each little slight affects the gen'rous mind;
 Love's cause is injur'd, like a poison'd dart
 It seeks the seat of life, and pains the heart.
 Ah! use your influence, take your silken bands
 And bind them round him with your gentle hands.

If

Reclaim

Reclaim the wand'rer, calm the warring skies,
 Love's milder radiance beaming from your eyes.
 None but the peaceful streams of love should roll,
 And spread divine contentment o'er the soul.

Though love sincere the husband's heart inspires,
 To act the whining suitor soon he tires:
 His views extend, beyond a handsome wife---
 He hopes to find a steady friend for life;
 A friend, whose pleasing, intellectual powers
 In converse may beguile the wint'ry hours.
 The mental part, O study to improve!
 This, with good temper will secure his love:
 No fickle passions will excite to roam,
 While real pleasure centers all at home.

Those scenes of noisy riot, where the soul
 Drinks fatal poison from the flowing bowl,
 Can never tempt his careless feet to stray,
 While joys superior draw his heart away.
 From all the good to which the mind attains,
 Each outward charm a double beauty gains.
 The fine turn'd limb, bright eye and waving hair,
 Those pleasing decorations of the fair,
 May for a while the flutt'ring fancy bind;
 But sense can only captivate the mind.
 When time shall cause each youthful charm decay,
 And from the cheek the roses fade away,
 Good sense her empire then will rule alone,
 And hoary age will but secure her throne.

Though

Though bright at first appears the flame of love,
Unequal matches seldom happy prove.

The giddy girl who for her footman sighs,
And meets the filly language of his eyes;
Who indiscreetly hastes with fatal speed
To sign her destiny beyond the Tweed;
When the mad rage of childish love's at rest,
And cool reflection enters in her breast,
Too late her own imprudence she descries,
And in her spouse a thousand faults espies---
Laments in secret her untoward fate,
And often blushes for her vulgar mate---
Beholds the scornful look with inward smart,
The pointed satire rankling in her heart.
From menial life, in servile drudgery bred,
With scarce one found idea in the head,

Exalt to sudden wealth---you'll seldom find
Much alteration in the low-born mind.

Ye cruel parents! 'tis full oft from you
These fatal errors of the young ensue:
In search of trifling joys, abroad ye roam,
Neglecting duties pressing calls at home.
Your children freed from all parental rule---
The kitchen soon becomes their fav'rite school;
And here their yielding hearts impressions gain,
Sad marks! which through succeeding life remain.
The opening mind receives ideas mean,
Maxims of vulgar life, and wit obscene.
The Stripling here, who soon must fill the place,
With credit held by his illustrious race,

Who

Who great in arts and arms, historic fame
 Has given in faithful record many a name,
 With grooms and valets bred, when now at age,
 Inferior objects still his soul engage.
 Thus restless Petus hates domestic life,
 Forgets his children and his blooming wife,---
 A desp'rate sacrifice to folly makes,
 Flies to Newmarket and his fortune stakes.
 The heat is lost---to certain fate he yields,
 And needy gamblers share his fruitful fields.

To you ye fair, these lines, and O! excuse
 The free remonstrance of an honest muse.
 Can ye forego a pleasure so refin'd,
 To aid the progress of the infant mind?

To

To plant the tender breast with virtue's seeds,
 And clear the mental soil from noxious weeds?
 Forego this godlike purpose, to engage
 In all the mad diversions of the age?
 Forbid the thought! with you it rests, ye fair,
 To save our children from each dang'rous snare:
 Your bright examples, and instructive speech,
 The young affections of the heart must reach.

Haste! haste! my chair, impatient Flavia cries,
 While for the splendid rout she pants and sighs:
 Now rushes in, admits of no delay
 At dear Quadrille to pass the night away.
 Shall that sweet form, which wheresoe'er 'tis seen,
 Moves onward graceful as the Cyprian Queen,

• With

With midnight vigils faint, each beauty fly,
 The lillies wither, and the roses die?
 Ah! that those eyes which ev'ry breast inspire
 Should glance with envy, or should dart with ire.
 See where her Lord in silent grief appears---
 Sits sadly musing o'er his rising fears.
 A thousand anxious thoughts like billows roll,
 Distract his reason, and o'erwhelm his soul:
 Or if by chance that drowsy Morpheus shed,
 With lenient hand, his poppies o'er his head,
 Before him ever wakeful fancy brings,
 In terror clad, a thousand frightful things.
 O'er dismal deserts, bleak and bare he strays;
 Thro' forests dark, and unfrequented ways:
 At length a precipice, stupendous height!
 Rears its tall front, full awful to the sight!

High

High on the dreadful brink a female stands,
 A frantic maniac, with extended hands;
 Her gestures wild, all loose and torn her drefs,
 Charming her features, lovely in diftrefs.
 He fees! what words his panic can relate!
 He fees! and trembles for his Flavia's fate---
 Starts from his couch, and all diftracted wakes,
 And his whole frame with inward horror shakes.

From whence thofe Meffalinas of the age
 We fee fo oft difgrace the modern page?
 Of pert Civilians, why fo long a train,
 Enrich'd, alas! from virtues fouleft ftain?
 Whence thefe divorces, ftigmas on our land,
 Which break afunder nature's faireft band?

'Tis

'Tis dissipation, by her secret art
 Has gain'd a firm possession of the heart.
 Thy charms, Enchantress, the mad throng engage,
 And mark the manners of a thoughtless age.
 Few study how their fortunes to improve,
 Within their proper spheres content to move:
 But with the glare of pomp and pride possess'd,
 Vain pageantry and show engross the breast.

I pity, when I see a careless thing
 Flutt'ring abroad, on fashion's painted wing;
 Shifting from scene to scene, from show to show,
 Soft pleasure's slave, and calm reflection's foe;
 Breaking with impious hands the tend'rest ties,
 The God of Nature forms beneath the skies;

Dead to the finer feelings of our kind—
 Those joys sublime which elevate the mind;
 I fight with pity, feel the rising fear,
 That mis'ry must conclude the mad career.
 So I've beheld while all appear'd serene,
 And no rude winds disturb'd the peaceful scene,
 A gilded Pinnacle tempt the dang'rous seas,
 And spread her sails to catch the gentle breeze:
 While from the deck resounds the mirthful song,
 And o'er the white-back'd waves she skims along,
 Lo! sudden, black, unlook'd-for clouds arise,
 Lower o'er their heads and hide the azure skies;
 The vivid light'ning darts, the thunder roars,
 And the huge billows lash the craggy shores:
 Tost by the waves at length, on some sharp rock
 She falls to pieces, with a mighty shock.

An

An artful mind too frequently conceals
 Those faults which time infallibly reveals.
 Oft is it seen when once the knot is ty'd,
 Truth shews her face, the veil is drawn aside.

How chang'd Melissa! from that sparkling fair,
 When the gay art of dress employ'd her care.
 Of all the Belles, she mov'd the most complete---
 Rich her attire, but elegantly neat.
 With graceful ease she ev'ry breast inspir'd---
 The women copied, and the men admir'd.
 Behold her now! see all her decent pride
 For dirty negligence is thrown aside:
 Slipshod her feet, her locks uncomb'd and rough;
 The cov'ring of her neck begrim'd with snuff.

In apron foil'd, and gown unpin'd she's drest,
 And proves a pretty Slattern at the best.
 If to persuade, her husband fondly tries,
 And speaks his tender wishes in his eyes---
 "I'm married now," in angry tone she cries.
 Unthinking female! why those charms debase,
 And mar the features of that lovely face?
 Believe me, that these small mistakes in life
 Nourish too frequently the seeds of strife.
 Why after marriage wish to please no more,
 When so much industry was us'd before;
 And lose that homage which your charms should find,
 The soft dominion o'er a husband's mind?
 Unhappy error! think, how can you brook
 Th' unguarded sentence, and reproachful look?
 A certain decency in life is due,

Elfe

Else we descend among the vulgar crew;
 A dignity that ever claims respect,
 And saves from all the horrors of neglect.

Parents, with you the trust is from above,
 To guard the pledges of your mutual love;
 To watch their infant steps with studious care;
 Protect their rising years from ev'ry snare.

There is a period, when one error may
 Cast a sad gloom o'er life's short wint'ry day.

This is the time, when your prudential aid,
 From bitter woes may save the thoughtless maid!

Observe her temper, exercise your skill,
 And use your gentle influence o'er her will;

Point out those noble virtues of the mind,
 Which glad the heart, and dignify mankind;

Teach

Teach her to see where innate merit lies,
 And ev'ry empty fopling to despise:
 But ah! beware how with tyrannic force,
 You strive to turn th' affections from their course;
 Regard nor virtue, peace, nor endless pain
 For empty titles, or the love of gain.
 Hear a sad tale, which oft has rais'd a sigh,
 And drawn the tear from many a brilliant eye.

A Lord well known, in ev'ry circle where
 Folly and fashion, that congenial pair
 Hold their mad orgies at the midnight hour,
 When all their slaves submissive own their power,
 To these black rites had sacrific'd his health,
 His peace of mind, his virtue, and his wealth.

Long

Long since the sylvan pride, each branching oak
 Had groan'd beneath the woodman's fatal stroke.
 What must be done? he curses hard his fate,
 And yields to chuse a matrimonial mate.

Near the throng'd 'Change, where wealthy Mer-
 chants walk,
 And much of business and of interest talk,
 A plodding Factor liv'd, whose constant pains
 Had been rewarded with increasing gains.
 One only daughter cheer'd his drooping age;
 Her, and his trade, his careful thoughts engage.
 Such was her face, as youthful Poets sing,
 Collecting all the flow'rets of the spring,
 The snow-white lilly, and the blushing rose,
 A Cavendish, or Venus to compose;

Of

Of temper placid, manners form'd to please;
 Calm as the flowing Trent, when no rude breeze
 Disturbs his glassy stream, but onward glides,
 And glads the meadows near his sedgy fides.
 Soon to our titled Rake the tidings came,
 Borne on the spreading wings of restless fame.
 The splendid gold already meets his eyes—
 For this he sues, for this he breathes his sighs.
 Again with joy the fatal box is prest,
 And fierce contending passions fire his breast.
 The plan concerted, to her Sire he flew,
 And feign'd a passion which he never knew;
 Then pleads his titles, and illustrious race,
 And speaks the supple courtier in his face.
 The parent all his specious tales believes,
 And to his full desires concurrence gives.

The Father gain'd, he next the Daughter plies,
 With all th' artillery of oaths and lies.

Low at her feet to bend his Lordship deigns,
 And pours the torrent of his swelling strains.

What shall she do? *here* duty takes the cause,
There love with strong prevailing influence draws.

Now grandeur all her glitt'ring gewgaws spreads,
 Still love within her gentle bosom pleads.

At length parental force, with pow'rful sway,
 Gains on her heart, unus'd to disobey---

She yields submissive to her Sire's command,
 And gives reluctantly her trembling hand.

Her trembling hand the villain might receive;
 But for her heart, it was not her's to give.

Unhappy Damon! all thy hopes are dead;
 Each pleasing scene of future pleasure fled.

Fond expectation lately mark'd thy days;
 Now in thy breast the worm of sorrow preys.
 Pure thy intentions were---Ah, hapless youth!
 Thy heart was guided by the love of truth;
 Nor could thy gentle soul have borne to see
 Thy charmer treated with indignity.
 With thee she ne'er had known severe disdain;
 Nor heard with rending heart the taunting strain.
 No Courtezan, with her deceitful charms,
 Had torn thy faithful Damon from thy arms;
 No splendid carriage, decency's disgrace!
 Had shown the world a strumpet's painted face---
 Roll'd thro' the crowded streets in open day,
 It's master's base-born passion to display;
 Nor hadst thou pin'd alone, till wasting grief
 Sunk thy fine frame, and brought the last relief:

Then

Then had been spar'd an aged parent's tear,
 Drop'd on a darling daughter's mournful bier.
 Such hateful vice thy boasted triumphs are,
 Sworn foe to all that's truly good and fair.
 'Tis thine to fix the sting with hellish art,
 And pain with deep remorse the bleeding heart---
 To stain the mind, and drive fair virtue thence,
 And make us subject to the reign of sense.

O! would our leaders trace the virtuous plan,
 Shun the mean purpose, and assume the man;
 Detest the Harlot's prostituted kifs,
 And flee the Brothel, for domestic blifs;
 Then might we hope to see firm Patriots rise,
 Bound to their country by the strongest ties---
 Men of untainted principles appear,

And from corruption turn th' indignant ear,
 O! then what heart-felt pleasure should we find,
 While the bold Statesman frankly told his mind;
 Warm in his country's cause, with honest zeal
 Made ev'ry breast his pointed language feel.
 Then no rough Cenfor could as now proclaim
 To all the world, the rank Adulterer's name.
 With well-turn'd periods, and the nicest art,
 In vain he strives to draw away the heart,
 While prodigal of ev'ry vice, that can
 Destroy his country, and disgrace the man,
 Upward to him the low Plebeian looks;
 (Examples plead more strongly far than books,)
 Beholds the high-rais'd Senator descend;
 Degrade his office, and to folly bend;
 Despise the wholesome laws he join'd to make,

And

And virtue's barrier most prophanely break:
 The thoughtless wretch now copies what he sees,
 Sketches the great man's sins in less degrees;
 'Till bolder grown, sad picture of the times,
 He pays the fatal tribute of his crimes.

Far from the pride, and bustle of the great,
 In humble life, kind heaven has fix'd my state.
 Remote from envy, in a lowly vale
 I taste the sweetness of the balmy gale.
 Where moss-crown'd Trent his silver current leads
 Along the flow'ry lawns, and dazied meads,
 My little mansion stands, remote from fame,
 And all the honours of a sounding name.
 But here, ye proud ones, smiling peace appears,
 And sweet contentment crowns the circling years.

No

No fons of riot here admiffion gain;
 Nor drunken fcenes my homely pavement ftain.
 What though no gilded ceilings grace my rooms,
 Or the rich produce of Italian looms;
 Tho' Pimps, and Flatt'ers ne'er furround my board,
 Thofe fervile echoes of a pamper'd Lord;
 A happier fet my chearful board attends,
 Of children, with perhaps fome chofen friends---
 Children, fair offsprings of connubial joy,
 With fweet delight our fleeting hours employ.
 Pleafures fublime, furpaffing fenfe we find,
 To watch the op'nings of the infant mind---
 To act the tender guardians of their youth,
 And lead them on to fcience and to truth.
 When hoary Winter, with her difmal train
 Of frofts, and fnow, and hail, and drizly rain

Casts a thick gloom o'er all the cheerless sky,
 And dims th' enliv'ning prospect to the eye;
 When the sweet songsters of the leafy spray,
 No longer warble forth the tuneful lay---
 No gay-deck'd linnet, or melodious thrush,
 Fix our attention from some neighb'ring bush;
 But piercing winds, with melancholy sound,
 Drive the light snow, and whistle all around,
 We chace the ev'ning gloom, with converse sweet,
 And taste the blessings of a mental treat.
 Ye Bards illustrious, who with heav'nly art
 Have wak'd each gen'rous passion in my heart,
 And charm'd my soul, with wonders ever new,
 Accept a tribute to your merit due.
 From your harmonious notes those pleasures flow
 Which fashion's trifling vot'ries never know.

Delightful

Delightful task! the laurel'd tribe to sing,

Who won immortal praise with matchless skill;

With judgment touch'd the fine melodious string,

And rous'd to rage, or lay'd each passion still.

Albion, thou fruitful isle, my native land,

Where freedom dwells secure and science reigns;

Where nature lavishes with bounteous hand

Unnumber'd beauties on thy verdant plains,

Oft on some favor'd Son, whose god-like mind

Rises superior, and bright wisdom fires,

Thy watchful Genius pours a ray divine,

And with harmonious sounds his soul inspires.

When

When Heathen rites prevail'd, in ruder times,
On sacred themes, the ancient Druid sung
To list'ning crowds, in rough, unpolish'd rhimes,
Who catch'd the wonders flowing from his tongue.

Little we know 'till merry CHAUCER rose---
Full quaint he was, a very wanton wight;
Who eke some tale for laughter would compose,
But still a moral mingl'd with delight.

Now SPENCER comes, who in more pleasing strains
Sings of gay virgins, and old feats of arms;
In fairy lands the raptur'd soul detains,
And 'midst enchanting scenes the reason charms.

E

But

But hark! celestial sounds salute my ear!

Behold a thousand airy forms advance,
And all the wild shapes fancy paints appear,
And tripping Elves by moon-light lead the dance.

I feel cold horror quiver round my heart,
To see the pale ghost from the shades below;
The streaming blood, sad look, the dying start,
And all the solemn pomp of regal woe.

SHAKESPEARE alone can thus o'erwhelm the soul---

He comes, and waves aloft his magic wand---
Bids floods of pleasure or of sorrow roll---
Obedient nature answers his command.

Alike

Alike successful, if his genius strays
By tinkling rills, along the flow'ry dale,
Where echo oft repeats the Shepherd's lays,
And pensive lovers sigh the doleful tale.

Now Eden's blissful scenes before me rise,
The silver stream, the gayly blooming flower.
I view with equal pleasure, and surprise,
The happy pair, the fragrant nuptial bower.

Hail, wond'rous Bard! denied the nat'ral ray,
Sublimer scenes beheld thy mental fight---
Pierc'd through the regions of eternal day
Up to the throne unutterably bright.

Majestic DRYDEN, nervous, bold and free,

Thy manly numbers nobly roll along;

Beauty and strength in ev'ry line we see,

And listen to the magic of thy song.

When * Sigismonda fighting clasps the urn,

We feel th' influence of thy pow'rful strains;

Weep when she weeps, with her with anger burn,

And sympathize with all the fair one's pains.

But lo! the golden age of genius springs;

See, where the sons of harmony appear!

The rising day bears blessings on its wings,

And god-like science glads the circling year.

POPE

* Sigismonda and Guiscardo.

POPE leads the shining band, the first in fame,
 Whose nameless graces flow so smooth and sweet---
 " Nature and Pope we find are but the same;
 Correct with ease, and elegantly neat."

Thy forest Windsor, long the Muses seat,
 In softest notes, has heard him breathe thy praise;
 The Nymphs and Dryads in thy cool retreat,
 Have heard him rival Mæro's sylvan lays.

Nor gentle GAY, shalt thou unfung remain,
 Pope's mild companion, and the Muses guest:
 Nor pointed SWIFT, whose sharp, satyric strain
 Darts fearless on, and pierces folly's breast.

Nor

Nor ADDISON, whose notes so smooth and pure,
 With Attic sweetness steal upon the ear;
 Which long as Britain, and as time endure,
 The sons of virtue shall delight to hear.

Great God of Nature! 'tis to thee we owe
 Our num'rous blessings; source from whence they
 flow!
 While down the stream of life we gently glide,
 Nor feel the swellings of the boist'rous tide,
 To thee we offer, Parent of Mankind!
 The humble tribute of a grateful mind.
 The gay may laugh, the Infidel may sneer;
 But, 'tis a theme the wise rejoice to hear.
 Religion! lovely maid! thy charming face
 Displays sweet majesty and heav'nly grace;

Virtue

Virtue and peace on all thy steps attend---
 Amidst the storms of life, our firmest friend.
 Through devious paths without thy guardian aid,
 When fears distress us, and when foes invade,
 We sink desponding; or base passions rage,
 And in the soul a dreadful conflict wage.
 She says be still, the angry passions rest,
 And sheds divine complac^{ce}ance o'er the breast.
 When bloated pride uprears her speckled crest,
 And swells with fierce disdain the lab'ring breast,
 She drives the monster from his close retreat
 And gives to mild humility his seat.
 Revenge, and envy with her jaundic'd eye,
 Yield to her power, and from her presence fly.
 Unfeeling avarice, whose heart at strife
 With all the melting charities of life,

Unmov'd

Unmov'd the sigh of penury can hear,
 And smile to see the Orphan's gushing tear,
 Subdu'd by heav'nly skill is banish'd hence,
 And yields his place to soft benevolence.
 When dire afflictions swell the heart with grief,
 And we look round us here for vain relief,
 She points her children to those blissful plains
 Where joys abound, and love eternal reigns.

That friendship's poor indeed, whose short-liv'd

date

Measures no farther than this transient state.

F I N I S.



Unmov'd